Me Voy Enamorando

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Me Voy Enamorando

by Safe_urself_kill_em_all

Summary

Nigel hugs his husband closer, burying his nose in baby soft curls and remembers the first time he saw Adam, and all they had to go through to get where they are now.

Notes

This... Is another sad one. Not depressing but sad.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

In Nigel's life there's been a lot of firsts- his first cigarette, his first fight, his first night in jail, his first bloody lip, his first fuck.

But also there is the first time he falls in love.

He - yes a he - is the new guy. When Nigel first sees him - with those dark curls, that cute face, and his eyes, oh those eyes, Nigel could loose himself in those baby blue eyes - he couldn't help it. The fucking love had come to the very bad boy from Bucharest.

The boy was beautiful, but soon he learned there was something going on with him.

"Your pretty boy is damaged" Darko says one day, stealing one of his cigarettes "heard rom that girl Beth he has something called As... Asbergur? Asferger?"

"Actually is called Asperger's Syndrome" a sweet voice suddenly said, startling the foreigner boys.

"Shit, man. Almost gave me a heart attack" Darko shouted.

Pretty boy frowned like a big math problem was in front of his eyes.

"It's impossible to have a cardiac arrest just by my voice"

"Well maybe not to him, darling, but you totally take my breath away" Nigel purred leaning closer to pretty boy's face. He blushed.

"But that's-" he shook his head "I just wanted to use the bathroom, I'm sorry" he didn't met their eyes as he fled, probably somewhere far away from the Romanian boys.

Those were the first words Adam ever said to him, and yet, Nigel couldn't stop himself from thinking it was the most beautiful sound he had ever heard.

"Hello, gorgeous" he once cornered pretty boy against his locker.

"H-hello, Nigel" pretty boy wouldn't meet his eyes. Nigel wanted to see those blue skies again.
"You know my name, darling?" Pretty boy blushed and nodded.

"You are Nigel Lycaon" Nigel's eyebrows shot up in surprise "people say you are a dangerous guy. They call you The Wolf"

"And do you believe them, darling?" He whispered closer to his face. Adam shook his head no.

"You have never hurt me before. They said you would, but you haven't" Nigel decided to change topics to avoid going and punching the fucker who had put ideas into his pretty boy's head.

"What is your name, gorgeous?" Because he couldn't keep calling him pretty boy in his mind forever.

"A-Adam. Adam Raki" Nigel smiled, even the name was cute.

"So, Adam, what did those fuckers told you about me?"

"That you would punch me because... Because I'm a weirdo. I guess that's alright"

"Why the fuck would you be okay with me punching you?" Nigel was growing angrier with every passing second.

"The boys at my older school punched me because of my Asperger's syndrome. I got used to it" Nigel caressed the side of his face with his thumb.

"I'm never gonna fucking hurt you, darling. I promise"

They started dating almost by accident. Nigel learned more about his darling, his fascination with stars, how he loved macaroni & cheese, how much he loved his father.

They fell in love between stars and kisses on the roof of Adam's building; between cold

plates of macaroni and Latin love songs that Adam didn't understood, but Nigel would translate for him; between small touches and long naps while watching star documentaries; between fights and panic attacks; between hugs and promises.

Adam was beautiful, brilliant, perfect. Nigel would give him the moon.

But nothing ever lasted to Nigel. Nothing good at least.

When Darko passed by the door of the lab while on his chemistry class signaling to meet him in the bathroom he already had a feeling something was wrong.

God, he hated when he was right.

"Your Pretty Boy fainted today in class, wouldn't get up" Darko said once they met "his father came to pick him up, took him to the hospital last I heard. Thought you might want to know" Nigel's blood ran cold.

"Did he said which hospital?" Darko shook his head no.

Fuck school, Nigel thought.

He tried to sneak out, but a teacher caught him climbing the wall, instead gaining a detention. Just fucking great. Fucking school.

After school he went to Adam's apartment. His father greeted him at the door, told him his boyfriend needed rest.

"He is just tired" he had said. He was a good father.

The next day Adam came to school. He looked tired, had bags under his eyes. Still he tried to smile at Nigel and laid small kisses to his lips when no one was watching. He fell asleep on Nigel's lap while on lunch break.

He didn't come to school the next day, nor the next week. Nigel went to his apartment again. His father wouldn't let him come in and see him.

He climbed the building anyway, and broke in by his boyfriend's window. He almost wished he hadn't.

You see, Nigel thought he was sick, maybe the Flu or a cold.

And indeed, Adam was sick.

His little sparrow seemed like he was fading, pale like a corpse. He walked carefully closer and caressed his curls, awakening him.

"Nigel" the bad guy from Bucharest put a finger to his lips.

"Hello, gorgeous" he leaned down to kiss him, but Adam turned his face chuckling.

"Nigel, I'm sick"

"So? A fucking cold won't stop me from kissing my darling" and closed the distance between them. When they parted, Nigel finally asked what he so much wanted to know "what's wrong, darling?"

"I don't know, my father took me to the hospital. The doctors took some blood samples. We are just waiting for the results" Nigel kissed his curls.

"You'll see, darling, it will be nothing"

He also hated when he was fucking *wrong*. So *so* fucking wrong.

"I have pancretic cancer"

Life was never good to Nigel.

Chapter 2

Nigel would be lying if he said he didn't cry.

Adam's father allowed Nigel to stay for the weekend while he was away. The bad boy from Bucharest was more than surprised. He would have never expected a parent would ever approve him, even more so trust him with his son's well being for an entire weekend.

Nigel held his little sparrow, watched documentaries with him, cooked him macaroni and watched the fake stars from the projector Adam had built when they couldn't go out for the rain until Adam fell asleep. Once his darling was tucked in bed, with Nigel just lying next to him, he cried silently while watching Adam's chest rise and fall.

The doctors had said it was detected just in time, that with some treatment and chemotherapy, he would be alright, never completely healthy, but it wouldn't affect much his life spam.

Nigel watched the clothed chest swell with air and fall it until he fell asleep, sometimes jumping slightly awake because he thought he saw it cease its movement. Sometimes, in his worst nightmares, it actually stops.

The school kind of made him get into the music club. Thought if he had something to do, he would stop causing trouble.

The guitar was easy to say the least. Nigel never thought it would do him any good until Adam came into his life.

Because Adam loved to watch him play. Like a child looks over a magician.

"You should probably enter the school´s talent show" Adam said once, when hearing their favorite song – that one Spanish song they so much adored - later one day.

"Nobody wants to see me play, gorgeous" Nigel had said chuckling, and beginning to serenade Adam with that song all over again.

"I want to"

Sometime later, when he went with Adam to his first chemotherapy, he played their favorite song, just to avoid sobbing and crying out loud when he would see his little sparrow's eyes half closed, looking more tired than ever, almost… *dead*.

When Adam's curls began falling, Nigel smiled fondly and made a joke of getting Adam a wig. Inside, he felt like dying. But he had to stay strong for his darling.

"Hey man, how is your pretty boy?" Darko asked one day, on their bathroom.

And Nigel finally broke.

He cried, and shouted, and cursed, and punched the wall until his knuckles bled, shattered one mirror and cracked the bathroom doors with furious kicks. When he was done, Darko hugged him. Darko always hated hugging.

When the teachers came, alarmed by all the noise, they gave him another detention, a warning and a pitiful look. It was no news to everybody he was dating Adam.
He called Adam, told him he got in trouble and that he would pick him up to take him to his chemo.

The nurse patched him up, and after the teacher released him from his punishment, he passed by the schoolboard. He stopped. Looked at the bright blue poster pinned in the middle. He gave a long look at it.

YOU'VE GOT TALENT? SHOW IT TO EVERYBODY!
SINGING, DANCING, PLAYING SOMETHING, WHATEVER YOU DO!
SIGN UP TODAY!

Below it, there was a long list of people and their talents.

"You should probably enter the school's talent show"
"Nobody wants to see me play, gorgeous"
"I want to"

Fuck It

He took a pen out of his bag and roughly wrote his name in the remaining name lines.
Nigel Lycaon - talent? – guitar and singing – he considered his talent for a moment, shook his head at his own nonsense and ran away to see his darling.

My fucking talent? He thought while running to the next bus stop. *Love Adam fucking Raki.*

He used his time with Adam at the hospital not just to cheer up his weak love, but also to practice that one song Adam so much loved. That Spanish love song.

"Me voy, me voy enamorando" he would sing to him when his eyes seemed to close, the foreign words heavy on his tongue "Darling, you okay?"

"Ye-yes, just… just tired" he looked so sick. Nigel flinched knowing he would start throwing up as soon as he would set foot into his apartment.

“Darling, c’mon, don’t sleep” he begged “If you fall asleep you won’t hear the good fucking news I have”

“What?” he seemed more awake now. Nigel could finally fucking breathe.

“I got into the fucking talent show, sparrow” he whispered is his ear, guitar forgotten at the side. God, he was so embarrassed by just thinking about it. So many people watching him fucking sing and play… but… for watching Adam smile sweetly and sleepy like that to him… it was fucking worth it.

“Really?” Adam cheered quietly, with enough strength to do anything but speak softly “Can I come see you?” Nigel pecked him on the nose.

“Of course you fucking can”

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> And this is it, guys. I had so much fun doing this. And I love the kudos and the few comments I get. Also I love Darko, I just can't make him evil like in other stories I've read.
> Thank you.

“I want to shave my head” Adam decided and let Nigel know one late night.

“Are you fucking sure, darling?” Nigel whispered in his ear. Nigel wasn’t allowed to come by at night, but Nigel didn’t actually give a fuck about it and would sneak in by the window. In the second floor. Good thing he was good at climbing. And sneaking out.

“What’s the point? My hair keeps falling and the bald spots look awful” he wrinkled his nose in disgust at himself when a strand of hair came out into his hand.

“I think you look beautiful”

“Don’t lie, Nigel. You know I hate lies” Nigel chuckled.

“’m not lying, gorgeous” he loved how Adam would blush every time he called him gorgeous “it’s your choice, love. If you want to fucking shave your head, then I’ll take you to the nearest fucking barber shop” he felt Adam squirm between his arms “what is it?”

“I was hoping… maybe you could cut my hair. You know I hate strangers touching me” Nigel froze.

“Darling… I don’t know how to fucking cut hair. I could hurt you”

“You won’t. I trust you” then Adam cuddled more comfortably between his arms and fell asleep.
If his little sparrow wanted him to cut his hair, then he would become the best fucking amateur barber of this side of New York.

“You fucking what?!” Darko shouted in the bathroom the next day at school.

“Teach me how to fucking cut hair. I know you cut your fucking hair yourself, so don't pretend you don't fucking know how”

“No, no. I heard that. What did you say about a show?”

“I also happen to need your fucking help for my presentation for this fucking contest” Darko motioned to go on with his hand “I don’t care if I fucking win. I just want a fucking favor”

“Is this for your pretty boy?” Nigel nodded, Darko sighed defeated “Tell me what to do” Nigel explained his plan in detail. Darko whistled “Shit, man. I hope you marry him or something” Nigel tightened his fists and narrowed his eyes, this was Nigel’s version of puppy eyes “I will have to charge up some favors and move some strings, but no big deal man.”

“Thank you” and wow, Nigel thanking someone – even if that someone was Darko – was still something amazing.

“So… a haircut, huh?”

They played with Adam’s hair for a while before cutting it. Nigel wanted to remember and burn into his brain the texture and feeling of Adam’s soft curls. He would bury his nose into them, letting them tickle his face, and smile as he also tickled Adam’s sensitive head with his unshaved stubble. Nigel would roll them, get on top, and look into his sparrow’s face for a long while. God, how much he loved him.

“Nigel? What’s wrong?” Adam looked like a confused puppy. Nigel just kissed him softly.

“The fucking love, darling. The fucking love”

When Adam was ready, they moved to the bathroom.

Nigel had almost lost a few fingers while practicing with Darko, but now he was almost an expert on the matter.

"shit! Are you fucking teaching me or are you trying to fucking stab me?"

"you have to use your fucking fingers to check if it's even. Do it wrong you loose a finger"

"Jesus, you surely know how to fucking motivate someone"

"I could charge you for the class, you know?"

"... So I put my fingers like this?"

When he was finished, he kissed the top of the now almost completely bald head. Nigel didn’t have the equipment – nor the heart – to shave it off completely.

Adam was pleased, though, that’s what mattered to Nigel.

“You look fucking gorgeous, gorgeous”

“Nigel” Adam chuckled “That makes no sense” Nigel carefully swung him in the air and held the delicate body in his arms.

“It does to me”

When Adam had enough energy they would go to a corner in Central Park, near a fountain, where there was almost no people around. Where they could have more privacy.

Nigel usually brings his guitar – well, not his guitar, but Darko was kind enough to steal it for him – with him and to that fountain, where they would sit. Nigel would practice the song while Adam would swing his head with the music. Sometimes when Adam gets excited, he gets up and dances a little, just standing there, next to Nigel.

The first time Adam did it, he quickly sat down, blushed from embarrassment.

“What happened, gorgeous? You were having fun” Nigel stopped playing and frowned at his blushed boyfriend.

“There is people around” Nigel glanced around and glared at the few that watched them curiously, then he turned to Adam.

“So fucking what, darling? Let them see” Adam wouldn’t meet his eyes “after all, people deserve to watch someone fucking beautiful like you once in a fucking while” Adam smiled and got up again, closed his eyes, and danced. Nigel played with a smile this time.

Adam usually ends up exhausted after a few minutes of dancing. Nigel has a water bottle ready and his jacket in case he gets cold.

The day of the talent show came and Adam hadn’t seen Nigel since the day before. Just gave him a ticket, a kiss, and told him to be there in time.
Adam hated big crowds, they made him anxious, but he was willing to do the sacrifice for his boyfriend. He said he had a surprise for him. But if Adam was honest, he hated surprises, but his father had taught him to appreciate every gesture.
Now he sat in the middle of the school theater, waiting for Beth to make him some company, and waiting for his boyfriend to win this contest.

Nigel was freaking out.

It had taken a promise to not smoke at school anymore for the principal, a promise to not beat up the nerd for what was left of the school year, and all the favors Darko charged up to accomplish the task.

It was done. It seemed the perfect plan.

And now Nigel was. Fucking. Freaking. Out.

“What if he doesn’t like it?” he started to freak out in Romanian “What if breaks up with me? Is this too much? Di I-?” a sharp slap to his face broke his freak out moment. He turned, expecting Darko to be the one who had slapped him across the face, but the guy was just leaning casually against the wall, trying to light a cigarette. Then he turned around again and looked down. it was Adam’s friend, Beth.

“Would you stop freaking out? What you are doing is good. He’ll love it. Now, I need you to stay calm. Listen, Adam is out there, and I need to go meet him. Now get yourself together because you’re next, okay?” Nigel nodded. Then Beth walked away.

“Did a fucking Chihuahua just tamed the Wolf?” Darko snorted.

Nigel Lycaon, onstage now.

“Shut the fuck up, It’s our turn asshole” he adjusted the hoodie over his head and gribbing his guitar he walked over to the stage.

And now our next participant is Nigel Lycaon, *yes*, you heard that right, *Nigel Lycaon* in a guitar and singing solo.

The excited claps stopped when a hooded Nigel walked on stage, stopping next to the microphone.

Adam was anxious, he had convinced Nigel to do this, after all. Nigel met eyes with Adam from across the theater and smiled.

“I did this, because a little sparrow convinced me to” he spoke, his deep voice filling the auditorium. Adam blushed when a couple of looks landed on him *“And if you fucking people don’t fucking like it, then you can all go fuck yourselves,”* Adam saw the principal face-palm himself. This was being recorded *“because this is for you, my little sparrow”* And started playing.

Uh ohh uh ohh
Me voy enamorando
Uh ohh uh ohh
Me voy, me voy enamorando

Adam frowned when the drums began playing. *What?*

Then with a signal from Nigel the curtains behind him fell and showed the entire music club playing for him, a tiny projector lightening up the dark auditorium, forming up a galaxy on

the ceiling a walls.

The people were cheering, amazed with the show, but there was something Adam loved more and amazed him more than the entire galaxy Nigel had displayed for him. Even more so than Darko singing along with Nigel.

When Nigel pulled his hoodie back, never stopping singing for him, the entire crowd cheered. Nigel's long messy hair was gone, instead a really thin layer of hair remaining on his head, much like now how Adam's head was. Adam covered his mouth with his hands in amazement.

The curly haired boy felt Beth elbow him, signaling him to run to Nigel. She gave him a push and Adam finally ran to the stage, ignoring the happy claps the people around gave him, nor his body's complain at the exercise. For the first time, Adam didn't care. Fuck people, fuck Asperger, fuck cancer. He jumped on Nigel, the bad boy from Bucharest throwing the guitar in time to catch his boyfriend, and kissed him then and there, in front of everyone.

Nigel thought, embarrassment and all, this was totally worth it.

Most importantly, Adam loved it.

Second importantly, Nigel won the contest.

The disappointing thing was the prize wasn't even money.

They became a success on the internet. People took pictures of them. They even framed some of them.

Years later, they still look at the pictures fondly.

Darko's speech at their wedding was something no one was quite expecting. And at the same time, it totally was.

"I am a fucking genius, people" he started his speech "every fucking Romanian in this room owes me money" used to the cursing, the guests just laughed "And also the Chihuahua over there" Beth snorted, not even annoyed.

Nigel nuzzled at Adam's neck, chuckling in his deep voice. Adam frowned confused. *Chihuahua? Is there a dog here?* Nigel explained between laughs quickly. Adam laughed.

"And Nigel, you fucker" he continued pointing an accusatory finger at the groom "I never thought you would marry before I did. Hell, I never thought you would even marry at all. But you did, asshole, and now I owe YOU money" Nigel whooped "But man, I am glad you married your pretty boy. You are still an inspiration for people on the internet – which is

funny, as this fucker here didn't know how to even do the laundry – And you, pretty boy, Adam" Adam smiled at him. Darko understood he wouldn't see him in the eye "I assure you, you will hardly find anyone who will love you more than this asshole. This idiot will stay with you and will follow his vows to the letter. In sickness and in health, never forget it " he raised his glass to the guests and to the now husbands "for the Lycaon-Raki's!"

That was Nigel's first happiest day of his life.

The second one came two years into their marriage.

Adam had his monthly Doctor's appointment - Nigel remembers it had snowed the day before and the streets were white that morning. Adam liked to watch the snow in the trees - they were waiting for the doc to read him his results. Nigel wanted to cry when he saw the doctor's eyes widen in what seemed worry.

"This… this is… we had never seen anything like this in years. It's not impossible, but it's rare"

"Just fucking spit it out, doc" Nigel gritted, Adam's hand in his, calming him from punching the doctor.

"The cancer's gone. It's a miracle" Adam choked out a sob, Nigel hugged the doctor-

"Nigel?" Adam's sleepy voice cut his train of memories. That sleepy tone no longer frightens Nigel. Now he finds it cute "What happened?" His baby soft – recently grown – hair tickles him.

"Nothing darling" he kisses him on the lips and brings his husband closer to his chest "not a fucking thing"

"okay" Adam fell asleep again. Nigel smiled and closed his eyes.

Nigel would be lying if he said he didn't cry when he knew the love of his life wouldn't leave him forever.

The End.

End Notes

Damn, I just can't get enough with the angst.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!